



MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

9/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish

Have you heard
about Aldar Kose?
We would like you
to meet this merry
and wise fellow.
Even as a boy Aldar Kose
had no liking for those
people who took credit
for another's work.



Aldar grew up
to become a master
of all trades,
and he was always
ready to defend
an honest man.

OTFRIED PREUSSLER



SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN SHEEP

In this year's first issue of **Misha** we told boys and girls about a game thought up especially for **Misha** readers by Otfried Preussler from West Germany. But most of all, Otfried likes making up stories. Here is one of them.

Once there was a shepherd. He wandered from village to village with his flock, all the while blowing blue puffs of smoke out of his pipe into the sky. The flock would come to a pond or stream for lunch. There the shepherd would eat and rest, falling asleep in the shade of the bushes. The flock of sheep was guarded by two dogs—Hustle and Bustle. They made sure that not one of the six hundred and eighty-seven sheep got lost. That's right, the shepherd had six hundred and eighty-seven sheep, and that's a lot of sheep.

After resting the shepherd and his flock moved on. Sometimes their way crossed country roads, sometimes busy highways. Then all the pedestrians, cyclists, farmers with their carts and wagons, truck, bus and car drivers, and even young hot-rodgers had to wait until the shepherd and his six hundred and eighty-seven sheep crossed the road.

Generally the people were always in a hurry and would shout: "Can't you move any faster? Do you have all the time in the world?"

The shepherd would merely bow politely and puff some pretty streams of smoke into the sky out of his pipe. He had all the time he needed and couldn't understand why people would get so irritated.

Each evening the shepherd set up a corral near a village. This is where he kept the six hundred and eighty-seven sheep overnight. He himself would climb into a cart and lie down on a sack filled with straw. Then he would go to sleep. The sheep in the corral would settle down too, pressing tightly against one another to ward off the cold.

Only Hustle and Bustle did not sleep. They kept watching over the shepherd and his flock. Sometimes they would bark at the moon, either out of boredom or as a warning to the wolves: "We aren't asleep."

The next morning the shepherd would go to the nearest house and ask the owner to take his corral and cart to the neighbouring village. In the even-

ing, when he arrived, everything would be ready for him.

And so the days and weeks passed. If not for the wind, the snow and the rain, the shepherd's life would have been very happy.

One day just at dusk, the shepherd and his flock came to a mountain stream. The stream wasn't very wide, but it was fast and deep. The sheep would not be able to cross it.

"I'll have to look for a bridge," the shepherd said to himself.

He walked up and down the stream for a long time but could not find a bridge. It was getting

It would take a long time!

The first to go across was Hustle. Then Bustle. Next the ram, leader of the flock, stepped carefully across. As soon as he was on the other side, the shepherd prodded the first sheep forward. Then the second, next the third. And so they crossed one after the other.

It grew dark, and the moon and stars appeared in the sky. The shepherd waited patiently.

"Ninety-one, ninety-two," he mumbled slowly.

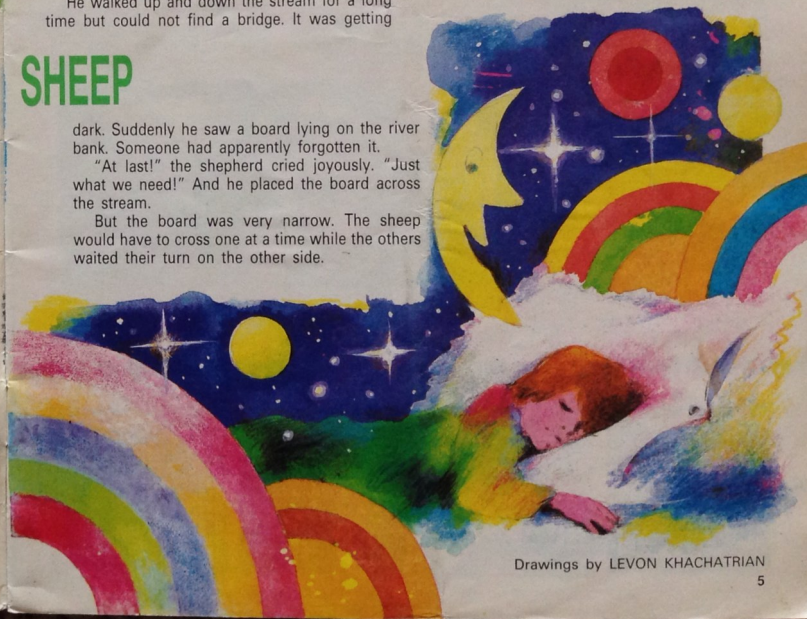
The shepherd had a lot of patience, and we, too, must develop some, because our story cannot continue until all six hundred and eighty-seven sheep cross the stream.

How much more time will we need? Think about it and count before you go to sleep. Close your eyes and imagine six hundred and eighty-seven sheep crossing the stream one after another.... Grey sheep, white sheep, black sheep. Soon you'll fall asleep. Don't worry. Tomorrow will be another day, and we'll find out what happens. There will be a happy ending.

dark. Suddenly he saw a board lying on the river bank. Someone had apparently forgotten it.

"At last!" the shepherd cried joyously. "Just what we need!" And he placed the board across the stream.

But the board was very narrow. The sheep would have to cross one at a time while the others waited their turn on the other side.



Drawings by LEVON KHACHATRIAN

5

HOW? WHY? WHAT?

IT'S NOT AS EASY AS IT SEEMS



Lazy people like nothing better than doing nothing. If you let them, they'll lie around on a couch all day long. What about the ten healthy grown-ups who stayed in bed a whole year? But they weren't lazy; they were participants in an experiment devised in preparation for a flight to Mars.

around in the cabin like a fish in water. But it soon becomes difficult: blood rushes to your head, your ears buzz and you begin to feel nausea—just as if you stood on your head for a long time.

Within a few days the body

grows accustomed to being weightless. Once again it seems easy and nothing hurts. Your muscles hardly get tired, but that's what is bad. Gradually muscles will get weak, bones become less solid and the heart gets lazy from not working to



that the best length of time for a space expedition was three months: one month to get accustomed to new conditions and look around, and two

full capacity. Back on earth, arms and legs feel like lead and the heart beats with more difficulty. It will take several weeks before the body once again gets used to the earth's gravity.

Scientists figured out what to do. While in space the cosmonauts exercise frequently, straining their muscles, and they take special medicine. This helps them keep their bodies in "earth shape", and makes it easier for them to come back.

For a while, no one knew how long a person could live in space. Cosmonauts would go up for a month and come back without problem. Then they stayed two months in space, and even longer. Eventually, scientists came to the conclusion

months to work at full strength. After that, cosmonauts start to tire easily and it is time to return home.

Why, then, do Soviet cosmonauts stay in space much longer? Because people will one day not just be flying around the earth. The time will come when they will head for Mars and other planets. And it will take more than thirty months to travel to Mars and back. It is possible that scientists could arrange a trip to Mars right now, but we still don't know if people

are capable of making such a long voyage.

Doctors are certain that man can live in space for a year.

When a person lies in bed for a long time, his body experiences the same changes that a cosmonaut undergoes in weightlessness. Doctors carefully observed the subjects of the experiment, and these observations will help prepare cos-



monauts for even longer flights.

One of the participants in the experiment told me that it wasn't at all fun to lie in bed for a long time. It's a pity the lazy-bones can't hear his story.

ANDREI IVAKHNOV

Drawings by NIKOLAI SCHERBAKOV

TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL



Oliver Waters of Great Britain tamed two wild boars and when they were grown, he taught them to herd sheep.



Bottle and octopus trees grow on the island of Madagascar. They store water in their trunks and live well in desert areas.



The Japanese have introduced a video game called "The Family Coach" that makes it possible to "compete" against the image of a runner on the screen by running in place on a special rug.



Soviet engineers have devised a way to construct a fountain indoors. Ultrasound (that people can't hear) is used to form gas bubbles in the liquid, which begins to noiselessly bubble. The water spurt can reach a height of 10 centimetres.

THE CLEVER ARTIST

By YEVGENI KUZNETS

Victor and Dmitry drew a picture together. Victor drew a lake and Dmitry drew a boat. "Your boat is bigger than the lake!" Victor exclaimed to his brother. "How is it supposed to sail?"

Dmitry scratched his head, took a pencil and drew many diagonal lines. "What's that?" asked Victor. "Rain. The lake will overflow and you can sail wherever you want!"

Colour the picture



THE HAPPY ZOO

"Let's take a good look at each other," Monkey suggested one day. "Here comes Misha the Bear. See how he sways on his paws? It isn't a very graceful walk, but, on the other hand, Bear has strong paws and an excellent sense of balance."

Let's walk like Bear, placing our weight on the outer edge of our feet. Do this exercise one minute.

"And now let's pretend we're horses," suggested Misha. "Hold your backs and heads straight, bend your arms at the elbow and draw your shoulder blades as close as possible to each other. Bring your knees up high and then start to run in place."

"You can learn from me, too," said Kangaroo. "Look how far I can jump!"

"That's true," Misha agreed, "the Kangaroo is a great distance jumper."

Let's try. Keeping our elbows close to our sides and feet together, we'll jump around the room.

After a few minutes in our merry zoo you will be Horse, Kangaroo and Bear. And if you do these exercises every day, you will become as agile and strong as them. Watch cats, dogs and animals at the zoo. Maybe you can come up with other exercises. Misha will be glad to share them with his readers in his stadium.

NATALIA POLOVINCHIK

Drawings
by NIKOLAI YEVGENIEV



I LIVE IN THE FOREST

Look at this wonderful, active little animal. It has light grey or reddish fur with five long dark stripes, a long, fluffy tail, and large, dark, watchful eyes. Surprisingly, this little animal feels itself at home in the vast and harsh regions of the Siberian taiga. I suppose it's time we named our cute little forest inhabitant. It's a CHIPMUNK.

The Siberian people have a legend about the chipmunk. A long time ago the little animal had the same colour fur all over, like a squirrel. But one day the frisky chipmunk decided to have some fun with the master of the taiga—the big, clumsy bear. It started to twirl around and chatter, and even tickle the bear with its tail. The big animal put up with this insolence as long as it could, but when its patience was at an end, it began to try to catch the pestering little chipmunk. However, the bear found it difficult to turn around and only once managed to grab the little animal. The chipmunk got away, but since that time it has had dark stripes down its fur—the traces of the bear's claws.

In actual fact the bear and the chipmunk are not enemies. The frisky chipmunk needs to be agile to get away from foxes, sables and owls. It plays hide-and-seek with these hunters, and is so good at the game that they can search high and low and never find the little animal hiding in a tree hollow or under its roots, or among stones. Yet beetles and butterflies better look out when the chipmunk is ready to hunt for itself. But hunting is just a way for the chipmunk to have fun. It spends most of its time gathering seeds, mushrooms and berries, and stores up to five kilograms of food in a safe spot. The chipmunk has to think about the coming winter, and in Siberia it is long and cold. The little animal will pick a secluded spot to build itself a warm nest. "That's enough running around for the summer," it probably says to itself as it settles down to hibernate. Sweet dreams, little forest dweller!

IRINA IVLEVA,
biologist

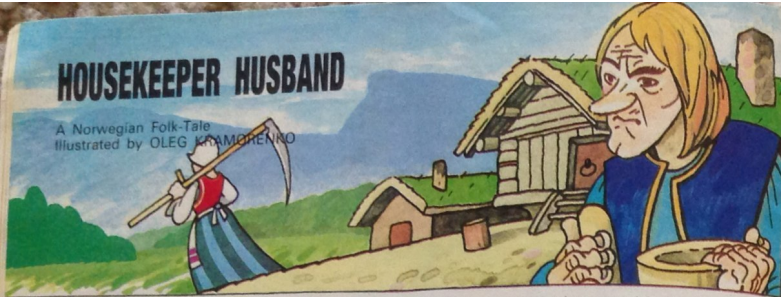
Photograph
by ALEXANDER KOVAL



Drawings by IGOR NOVIKOV

HOUSEKEEPER HUSBAND

A Norwegian Folk-Tale
Illustrated by OLEG KAYMORENO

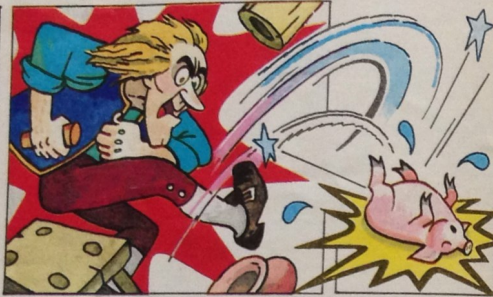


Once there lived a very ill-tempered man. He often felt that his wife was doing too little work around the house while he slaved away in the fields. One day when he came back from hay-making, the man said to his wife: "Look here, tomorrow we're swap-

ping duties: you are going to work in the fields and I am going to see to the house." The next morning, the wife made her way to the fields with her scythe on the shoulder and the man set about making lunch.



First he decided to make some butter. But as soon as he began churning a horrible thirst came over him and he went down into the cellar for some beer. While he was pouring some beer into his mug, he suddenly heard some sounds from the

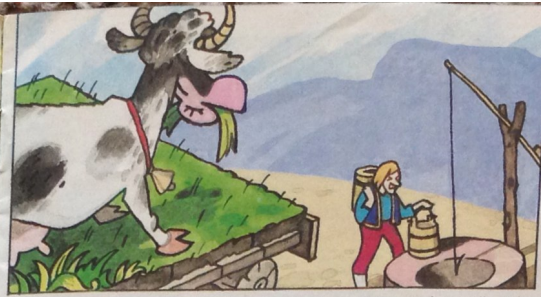


kitchen—the piglet must've got into some mischief or other. The man rushed up from the cellar but alas, it was too late: the piglet had already upset the churn and was licking up the spilled cream. He lunged at the piglet, kicked him and the piglet died.



At this point the man suddenly remembered that down in the cellar the beer was still coming out of the barrel. He rushed downstairs to close the spigot but it was too late! The barrel was empty and all the beer lay in a puddle on the floor. Then he went back to the kitchen, put some more cream

into the churn and began making butter again. Moo! The cow was hungry! "Why don't I put her up on the roof? It's a perfect grazing place, with all the peat and grass up there," thought the husband. So he put a wooden plank against the hut and started to drive the cow up to the roof.



The cow did not like the idea at all but the man would not take no for an answer. In the end, he got the animal up on the roof. But then it occurred to him that he had to give the cow some water. So he tied the churn on to his back—for safe keeping,

took a pail and went to the well. Unfortunately, when he bent over to get the water, the cream from the churn spilled down his back, right under his shirt. It seemed he was not destined to have any butter that day.



"All right," he thought, "I'll make some porridge instead!" So he put the pot on the fire. At that moment it occurred to him that the cow could fall off the roof. To prevent this disaster the husband



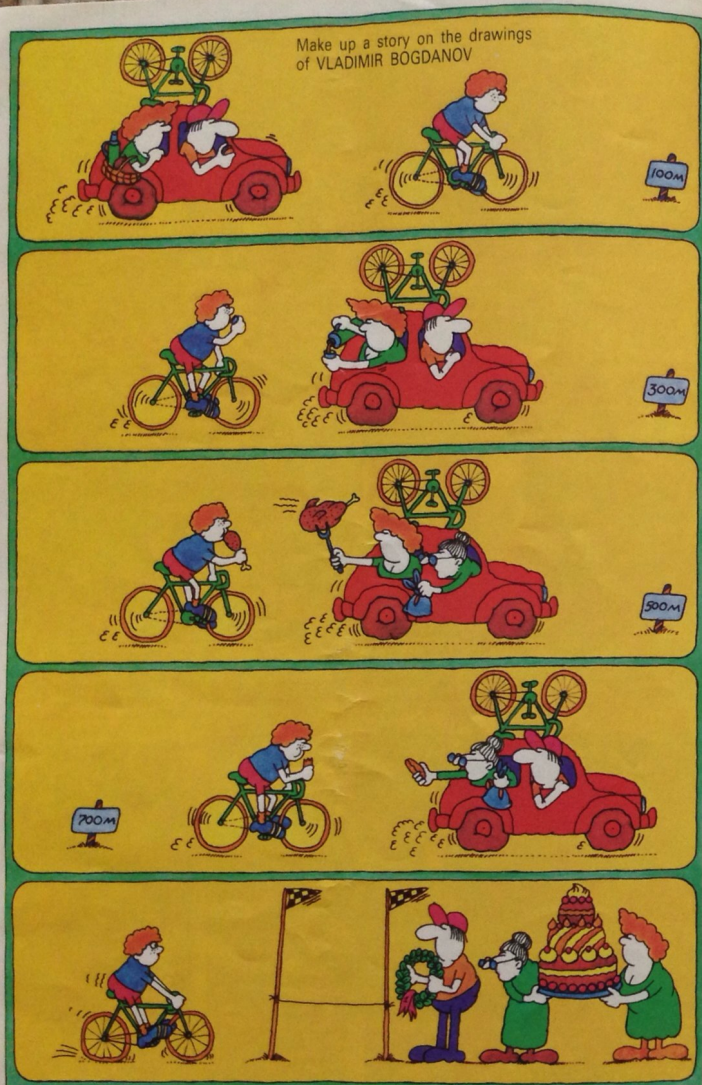
climbed up, tied a piece of rope to the cow's neck, put the rope down through the chimney and tied the other end to his leg. Then he started to put some cereal in water to make the porridge.



Suddenly the cow fell off the roof, just as he feared. The rope pulled the man into the chimney where he eventually got stuck. The cow was hanging from the rope in mid-air. It cried so miserably that the wife heard it and ran back from the fields.

The moment she cut the rope, her husband was sent plopping out of the chimney right into the pot with the porridge. When the wife walked into the kitchen she found him in the pot with just his legs sticking out!





THE STONE FLOWER

Before you turn the next page, get a map of the Soviet Union and find the Urals on it. The Urals are rich in various minerals: coal, iron ore, copper and other metals. They are also famous for their semi-precious stones: jasper, rodonite, amethyst, malachite and others. The local stone-cutters have for centuries been known for their fine craftsmanship.

There are a lot of tales and legends about the beauty of the Urals and the skills and mastery of its people. The Russian writer, Pavel Bazhov, used these stories in his book called "The Malachite Box". Our artist Dmitry Barabash made an illustration for the story of Danilo the craftsman.

Once upon a time there lived in the Urals an old man called Prokopich. He was by far the best malachite cutter. Nobody could match his skills. He had many different apprentices but his favourite was an orphan named Danilo, a quiet and kind lad who was very keen to learn and he could feel the beauty of the stone with his heart. It was not long before Danilo became a famous cutter. His work was proudly displayed in the palaces up in the capital. But his biggest ambition was to cut a Stone Flower goblet. People said that only the Lady of the Copper Mountain knew the precious secret of making it. So Danilo began searching the mountains

for the wondrous Lady. One day he met her, and she showed him the real Stone Flower. The lad was so dazzled with its beauty that he remained with the Lady and completely forgot his old teacher Prokopich and his bride Katenka.

Katenka, however, was not prepared to forget the man she loved. Many other men proposed to her but they were turned down, for Katenka was still waiting for Danilo to return. One day the girl set off into the mountains. When she got there she called out to the Lady asking for her Danilo back. The Lady was amazed at the girl's courage and mettle and decided to leave the choice up to Danilo: if he decided to return home he was to forget all the unique cutting skills he had learned in the mountains; if he decided to stay, he would never see people again.

When Danilo looked at Katenka, he said: "I can't forget people. I remember her every waking moment of my life."

So the Lady let them go. Soon they were back home. And the fame of Danilo the stone-cutter went down in history.

Semi-precious stones
Photograph by ALEXANDER ZEMLIANICHENKO



MISHA's Picture Gallery
"The Stone Flower"
Drawing by DMITRY BARABASH



Our address:
8, Ulitsa
Moskvina,
Moscow,
103772, USSR

"Football Players",
PABLO CASIRO

"Friendship,"
SOLEDAD AGUIRRE

"Taking a Walk",
KARIN PORLEY



Dear MISHA,
We extend our greetings to you and
want to congratulate you on the great
job you are doing publishing this won-
derful magazine. Our kids just love it.

Recently we held a festival of sketch-
es and drawings for children from five
to 12. The entries were displayed in the
Exhibition Gallery of the Uruguayan-
Soviet Cultural Exchange Institute.

We are enclosing some of the pic-
tures from this exhibition, for MISHA's
Mailbag.

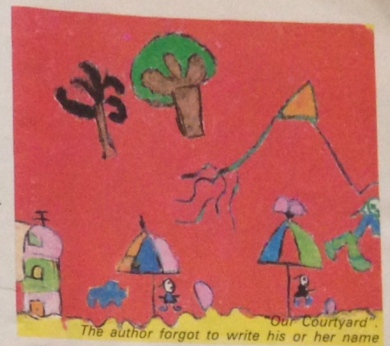
Yours truly,
LIL BIDART,
chief librarian
of the Uruguayan-Soviet
Cultural Exchange Institute

MISHA is happy to oblige its Uru-
guayan friends. The drawings sent in by
them are just lovely, aren't they?



"A Day at the Port", LUIS SANCHO

"Embankment",
PILAR PAYSSE



The author forgot to write his or her name



"A City Block",
ALEJANDRA ACOSTA

"A Masque Ball",
CECILIA GAMIDO

"Clowns",
GUILLERMO GARCIA

Lyrics by ALEXANDER KUSHNER
Music by GRIGORY GLADKOV-YUGIN

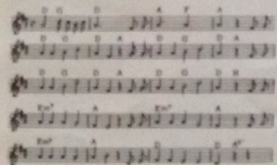
A SONG ABOUT PICTURES

If you're looking at a picture
With a river and the moon,
Or a field of merry flowers,
Or an orchard in full bloom,
Or a forest up a hillside,
Or a mountain's bluish cape,
Please, remember: such a picture
Is called nothing but **LANDSCAPE**.

If you're looking at a picture
With an orange on a dish,
Or a rose of dazzling beauty,
Or, say, onions, cheese and fish,
Or some other object lying—
Well, a book, a bow, a knife—
What's the use there's in denying:
This is nothing but **STILL LIFE**.

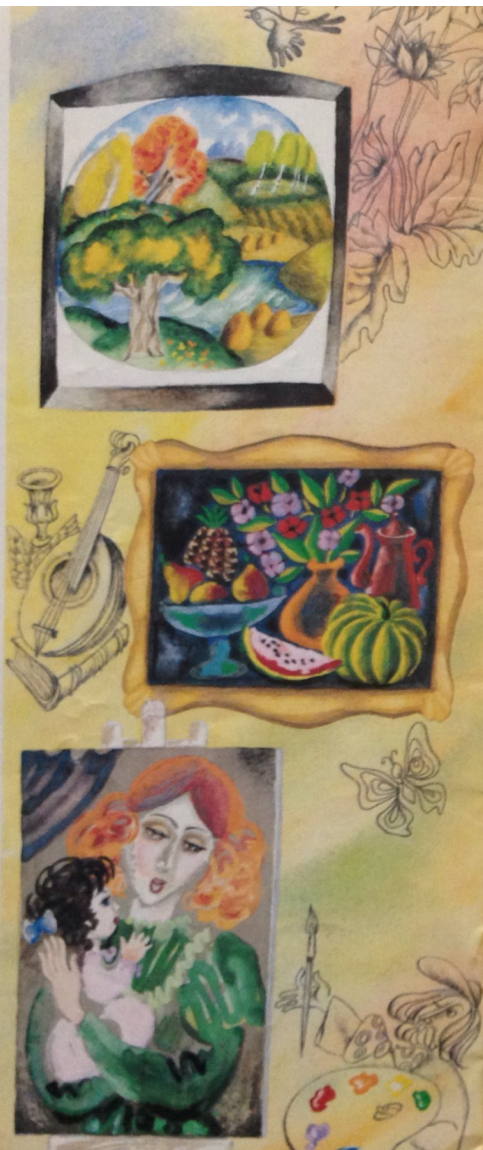
If, while looking at a picture,
You meet someone else's gaze:
Say, a Monarch's with a sceptre
Or a gardener's with a spade,
Or you see a famous actress,
Or a prince in ancient dress...
What are they?—Of course,
they're **PORTRAITS**!
I'm quite certain, you have guessed.

Vivace



Drawing
by NATALIA POLIANSKAYA

20



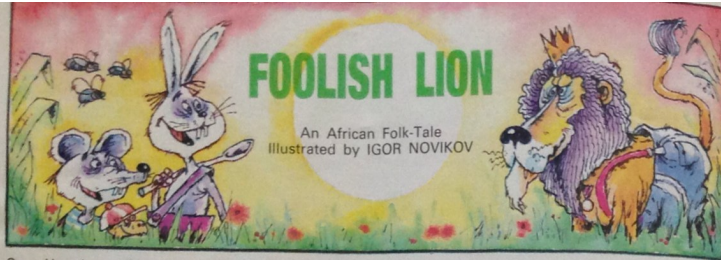
VLADIMIR KHOKHLOV

WHY THE TEARS?

Ginger Bear
on a style,
Why're you
weeping?
Why d'you
cry?
What's
the matter?
Tell us,
please!
"I went picking
raspberries
"Woe on me—
I ripped my pants!"
This is where
his story ends.
Tears
run,
pour down
like
rain...
Stop it, Ginger, what a shame!
You have cried a gorgeous pool,
Navigable and cool.
Listen to your Ma and Dad:
Take a needle and a thread,
Mend your pants—
as best you can
Won't that be
a happy end!

Drawings
by YELENA VINODAROVA





FOOLISH LION

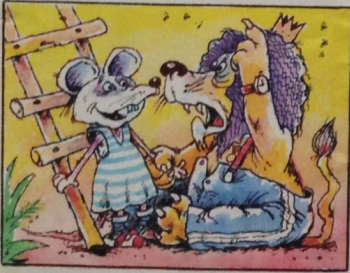
An African Folk-Tale
Illustrated by IGOR NOVIKOV

Once Hare heard that there were bees in the hollow of an old tree. "Yummy," thought Hare, "wouldn't I just love some fresh honey! But how can I get it?" He turned to Rat for help and advice. Together they

got some dry grass, climbed the tree and started a small fire—to smoke the bees out. Soon the bees flew noisily out of the hollow.



The thieves were just about to get at the honey when Lion showed up. "Get down from that tree on the double!" he roared. Hare saw they were done for and said to Rat: "Roll me up in this grass, tell Lion to watch out and drop me from the tree." Rat did as she was told. The moment Hare hit the ground he fled for his life and was soon out of sight. Lion, who was staring at Rat, did not even notice him.



"Come down out of that tree!" ordered Lion, and Rat had nothing to do but oblige. When she was on the ground Lion pinned her down with his paw and demanded: "How dare you eat honey in my forest?" "Have mercy, it wasn't me, it was Hare's



idea," pleaded Rat. "He put me up to it, and took off when he saw you." "Took off, did he now?" Angry Lion stamped his paw on the ground and lost his grip for a moment. Rat seized the opportunity and hightailed it into the bushes.

22



He could not forget the sweet honey and soon was back in the hollow, this time with Turtle. Who showed up again? Lion, of course! He ordered Hare to jump down. Hare said: "Don't eat me right away, I am a bit on the tough side. If you want to make me tender, grab me by the tail, swing me round and then knock me on the ground." Lion grabbed Hare's tail and began to swing him around. But the tail was so small that it soon slipped from Lion's grip—and Hare was off again.



By this time Turtle was also out of the tree. "Here comes my lunch, then," roared Lion. He scratched the shell with his claws—but it was too hard to eat. "Why don't you throw me into the bog, then rub



the shell and it will go soft," advised Turtle. Lion just loved the idea, and threw Turtle into the water—and Turtle was soon out of sight. Lion tried to catch her, but almost drowned instead.



So he walked through the forest, furious and filthy. Suddenly he saw Hare's hut. There was nobody inside, so Lion went on in and decided to wait for the owner to come home. As Hare hopped towards his house he saw Lion's footprints and figured out what was going on. So he shouted out to the house: "Hi there, house!" "Oh, hi, there!" answered simple-minded Lion, giving himself away. Then Lion tried to catch the clever animal, but Hare was too fast for him.



23



GOING ON A HIKE

In the days of old, when people lived in caves, it never occurred to them to go on hikes like we do today. They went on hunts in the forest, gathered edible roots, waded across rivers and streams. Their whole life was, in fact, one big hike.

Even later, when people left their caves and moved into towns and cities, they still took forests very seriously: gathering kindling for fires, making hay in meadows, fishing in forest ponds and streams. With time houses began to be heated up by boilers. But the farther people got from nature, the greater was the force that drew them back there.

Today thousands of people spend their weekends in the country. They want to feel exactly like their distant forefathers did, at least for a couple of days—like those Moscow kids and their parents you see the photograph by our correspondent NIKITA BLIKOV.

NINA GROZOVA





GOOD AFTERNOON!

We continue our trip over the Soviet Union. A story of MARIA BIKOVA will acquaint you with Lake Baikal, which is often referred as a sea because it is very large.

And, as usual, you solve a crossword puzzle with the help of small drawing-pointers.

A HANDBELL

On his birthday Volodia woke up early in the morning. And here are birthday PRESENTS (подарки, padarki:). A DRUM (барабан, baraban) and a PIPE (дудка, dutka) are most likely from Dad. A BOOK (книга, kni:ga), WATER-COLOURS (краски, kraski:;) and PENCILS (карандаши, karan-dashi) are from Mom.

АБВГДЕЁЖЗИЙКЛМНОП
РСТУФХЦЧШЩЪЫЬЭЮЯ

"I'd like to make a present for you, too," his sister Katia said. "But it's a magic one!"

The girl took her brother to Lake Baikal. Their parents accompanied them. When they came to the shore Katia got out a HANDBELL (колокольчик, kalakol'ch'i:k) and began to ring. Oh, look! Some fish came to the surface from the depth. Then more and more. All of them came up near Katia's feet. Taking a slice of bread out of her basket, she threw crumbs to them. It was a real pleasure to watch numerous fish catching crumbs, pushing each other, quarrelling and splashing.

"Here is my magic present to you," Katia said and gave Volodia the handbell.

He jumped with joy and embraced his sister. "Will fish come up to me if I ring this handbell at the river bank?" the boy asked.

"No, they won't," Katia answered, "because for a whole month I went to this very place, rang the bell and threw them bread crumbs. So the fish got used to it. You see, what clever heads they are!"



Drawings
by ALEXANDER
ARTEMOV



SWEET DRAUGHTS

"I've eaten one!" "So have I!" "Wow, I've eaten three!" What are these kids talking about? Oh, sure, they are just playing draughts: when the opponent captures one of the twelve pieces, it is often called "eating" it. But why the funny rustling sound, like candy being unwrapped? Because the kids are playing draughts not with regular pieces, but with sweets! They're using dark-wrapped ones for the black pieces and light-wrapped ones for the white. Sounds like a really great idea for a birthday party, doesn't it?

PUTTING THE WRAPPERS TO GOOD USE

The game of sweet draughts is over and the table is littered with the multicoloured wrappers. Look a bit sad? Have some more fun by making animals out of the wrappers. It's not hard and the animals come out well. Half of these little figures (photograph) were made by five-year-old Polina, the rest by me, her mom. Can you guess, which is which, who made what animals? To be absolutely honest with you, I must confess I helped Polina just a little.

Designed
by TATIANA
KISELEVA



THE HALF-DONE LAND

Based on a story
by GALINA MALIK
Illustrated
by VALENTIN ROZANTSEV

Once upon a time there was a girl called Alia. She never had enough patience to finish the things she started doing, so in the end they were sort of half-done. One day Alia decided to embroider a nice tea cloth for her Gran... When Granny opened her present, she could not see any nice pattern—only a little red cross in the corner, looking so careless and pathetic that even Alia turned red with shame and ran out of the room.



She banged the door behind her and... Wait a minute, what was that tiny man doing there, sitting on the skirting board, with his funny big cap and green shoes that were comically huge... "There you are!" screamed the man, mumbled



something to himself and stamped his foot on the floor. Before Alia could open her mouth a strange force swept her up and out she was, through the window.



When she came to, she was sitting near a pond. It was a funny one, without any water. So were the flowers around her, a bit unusual to say the least, with not a single petal on any of them. The sun in the sky was a bit wrong, too, with only a half of it

there and the other half missing... A boy came out of the bushes—a regular Pig-Pen, if ever she saw one—dust all over him, with a trouser leg and a shirt sleeve also missing....



"Where am I?" said the girl feeling rather baffled. "This is the Half-Done Land. All the things here were made by impatient or careless people who never thought to finish them, see? So we here are all collector's items, brought together by a black magician by the name of Half-Shod. Take me, for



instance. Well, I must've been drawn by some scatter-brain who forgot to give me a proper appearance. So here I am, a half-baked scarecrow of a boy, if you please," said the boy very sadly. "We must get out of here!" decided Alia. "Come on, take me to this Half-Shod character!"



After two hours of walking they were in the Half-City, capital of the Half-Done Land. The houses gaped windowless at them, the streets had no proper pavements. A helmeted rider on a tailless horse passed by. "Get out of his sight, quick!" the

boy pulled Alia behind the house. "This is the cruel Half-Ruler. Somebody forgot to draw his head and now he is always wearing his helmet. Keep out of his way is my advice."

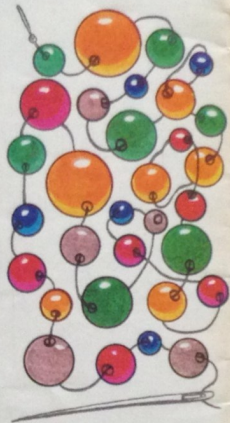


On the very edge of the city they saw the house of the magician. Oddly enough, the house was all right—nothing missing, the door, walls and even the chimney perfectly in order! Unfortunately, the window was very high. "Let me help you, now." Alia climbed on the boy's shoulders and looked into the house....



To be continued

THIS AND THAT

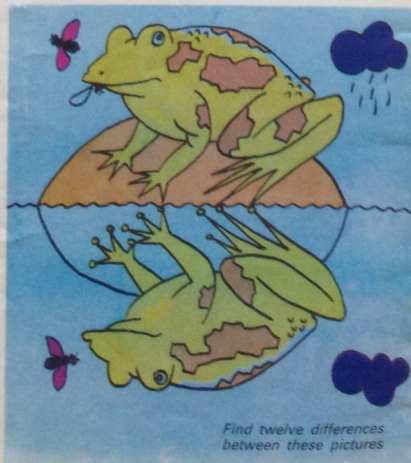


One bead is off
the string.
Which one?

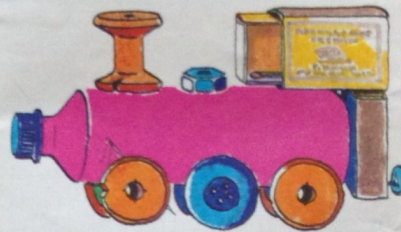


Which of these soldiers
doesn't have his
uniform in order?

30



Find twelve differences
between these pictures



What things were
used to design
this little
steam engine?



Correct the artist's mistakes.



MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

9/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish

RIDDLES

A Russian folk riddle

As it scours the field,
To its breath the grasses yield,
Now it sings and now it howls
Bending trees

and chasing clouds.

(Wind)

SERGEI ZHILINSKY

To my question:

"What's your name?"

I received the answer: "Aim"

Then I asked him:

"Please, come here!"

And the answer was: "I'm near!"

I stood waiting very long,

But he didn't come.

What's wrong?

(Echo)

